



FREE

Bound By Nature's Law of Love
Or,
The Complaint of a Sex-Slave to Her Master and His Cruel Response

Darcy John Bouchard



WARNING
Sensitive subject matter - not for the timid of heart.

"I think that if there were a God, there would be less evil here on earth. I believe that if evil exists here below, then either it was willed by God or it was beyond his powers to prevent it.

Now I cannot bring myself to fear a God who is either spiteful or weak. I defy him without fear and care not a fig for his thunderbolts."

Marquis de Sade, *Justine, or The Misfortunes of Virtue*

"Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains. One man thinks himself the master of others, but remains more of a slave than they are."

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Economie Politique (Social Contract)*

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An Elegiac Canzone Dedicated to Kara, whom I never knew yet loved true.

Prologue

Me - What has she to give to him but her flesh - the favours of her sex?
And yet he exploits her, returning only pain for her pleasure?

She - O my dear, Master, please accept this gift - this beautiful flower that I give.

It is my soul - which is pure and true - a gift for you of my love.

He - Have you not yet learned, slave, that I will take what I want from you.
I know what women want! they want to be told how to think and what to speak.

I have not asked for this pathetic gift of your dead flower.

You should know by now that I know you better than you even know yourself.

I have unmasked you and brought thy falsehood to light of reason.

She - I know that you clothe thyself in naked villainy and yet seem a saint.
And I know the sad tragedy of your cursed pain-filled love.

He - What is this dead flower that you bring me? On thy knees! O slave...

She - You may take my love but leave me my honour. I beseech thee.

He - On thy knees where you belong. I will certainly take thy love - thy honour, too.

On your knees like a wild beast of the jungle which I have tamed.
I am thy one true god - without me you have nothing but this dead flower.
This dead flower of thy love which you have given to me in thy need.
Do you imagine that you are sophisticated and cosmopolitan?
You little pipsqueak...! you are nothing but a hopeless dreamer.
She - I know I am a dreamer... my dreams exhaust me so... you must reconcile me.

He - Submit! Resistance to my demands is entirely futile.
Surrender to thy suffering, my victim, and cease wagging thy lovely tongue.
I have my cruel ways of coping with unmanageable girls, whore.
What do you expect of me, furthermore? Justice? Just what does that mean to you?
Humanity? My sole pleasure is to violate its every law.
Religion? As I become more familiar with its quirks... my contempt grows.
You will get only rank egotism, cruelty and debauchery,
and impiety beyond belief... unquestioning submission is thy lot in life -
you may have nothing else. Let thy flesh undergo my lechery.

Strumpet - let me soil thy purity at once with my evil deeds of lust.
O how I am stirred and swelled by feminine agony.
She - O how can you dare to think of hurting me - am I not human like you?
He - You are less than nothing - a hapless, hopeless imbecile.
A woman is only an instrument to please and gratify a man.
She - But such an opinion is abominable - deplorable -
it encourages corruption and excuses cruelty against all women -
everywhere.
He - A woman shares nothing without taking - robbing men of seed.
Leaving them more empty than they were before encountering their lie of love.

She - Master, why do you take such pleasure from hurting me with your love?
What shall it profit you, if you should gain all my sex and lose thy Soul,
my love?
Take pity on me, I beseech you - don't pain me with our love.
He - Abandon thy modesty and become a criminal to thy virtue.
Your false candor and charming naiveté are lies you choose to believe.
I am nursing a viper in my Garden of Love - O daughter of flesh.
If you will not love me than fear me. Yes... hate me... fear my love.
You are mine - body and soul - to use, misuse and abuse as I see fit.
If you want to be master of thy own destiny do it - free thyself!

She - To master thy own life you must first become master of thy own death,
Master.

He - To master death I must learn to master pain - thy pain - not thy love.
To master thy pain I must master the pleasure of giving you pain, slave.
And in giving you pain I have learned to enjoy your suffering.
Yes - I enjoy your pain - and knowing that you are afraid of me - of my
love.
It is fate that rules us - not any god - not nature - not death.
I live my life without regret or worry for I live for the moment.
Your pain sets you free - it makes you feel - makes you dream - makes you
come
alive in surrendering to your human desire to forgive me.

She - Am I nothing more than a mere submissive sex-slave to you?
I trusted our love was of our own Free Will to Power - and that we chose
together
to love each other... nay, more-so, I believed God chose you for me -
that I was created for your need of love - that you not be needlessly alone
within this life that we are living... *warming each other in the cold,
cruel world.* I allow you, Master, to penetrate me at thy behest.
By thy command I smile and enjoy the pleasure you give me.
Am I just a product of thy imagination? an illusion? a lie?
a wet-dream? Am I not real to you? Do I matter not at all?

Are you such a vain mimicry of God the Creator and Sustainer of Life?
Are you so oblivious to my needs? can you not see my want?
Am I not as real to you as you are to me? Please love me.
Think and remember me. You were always more than a memory to me.
I will never forget your love - the pleasures that you gave me. O love me
true.
Be not silent, O be not cruel... speak not harsh lies - or I will die.
I will die of the lies of thy tongue - of thy heart - of thy love. O love me
true.
I am unworthy of your lies... O abandon me not, my love.
Abandon me not to nothingness. O do not lie to me - set me free.

Strophe

He - There is naught but aughted psyche and love, flesh and blood, pain and
death;
neither life eternal or lies of Godliness... fear not ye diabolism,
strophe, thou hast only dreams, fantasies, and nothing else to fear.
Hope not for Salvation, there is no damnable hellfire or paradise,
no hiding place for you to betray thy guilty shames of lust -
these beliefs no longer possess truth nor any real moral habitus.
All these old long dead beliefs must now forever be abandoned.
Ask not what is to come... or what can possibly replace all of these.
We shall find that out in offering ourselves up to sacred rites of pleasure.

Stand by me willingly and freely fulfill my e'ery bidding.
You must now accept and wantonly obey me - or forever hold your peace.
Surrender all to me - thy hot tongue, yine bleating heart and breath.
You must capitulate - cease to think or dream of ought but me... resistance
is futile. There is nowhere to flee, no hiding place to seek.
If you want to enjoy your own mystique... then enjoy whatever you desire.
Swear to love me alone and consent to always listen close
to whatever considerations I may ask or desire of you now, here
on earth whilst we two live - for our love grows old and beauty fades.

Thus you must always find reason for my pleasure before thy own,
dutifully,
doing all asked of you... everything directed... haply... wantonly.
Your one joy in living should be satisfying my every cruel caprice.
Do not quick become my enemy in this war between us.
Touch me not without love - for I am despotic ruler o'er thy livid Soul,
master of tomorrow's thoughts - in full obedience yine emotions must
service
me as if thy very joy in life depended on my happiness.
Never beg more of me than I chose to generously give you at this time.
Think not that if you so willingly accept all my decisions
it would be sufficient to satisfy my pleasure or fulfill thy need.

On your knees! That is how you will follow after me... as long as I
demand.
Don't ever get up or for even one moment's passing think
that Master's teachings are lost upon thy deaf ears - listen well,
refuse not to offer up thyself to our work. You are mine
body and soul... in perpetuity... here and now... always and forever more.
Do not think you can break our love's law. It is wild and lawless
and punishment for disobedience is swift, unforgiving, and severe.
Acquiescence is not yours to freely give... but mine to ask,
for what is life to you if not to serve and yearn for me alone. I am yours.

Since obedience to "our pure law" is the only virtue,
I would advise you, slave, to give heed to what it is that I am saying,
there is not much need for defiance when the law is to love -
to love freely and to love as thou wilt whom ye wouldst as ye wont so
descries.
There is one covenant which binds you, dear, eternally to me -
hope of love - for those wretches on their knees, a little hope is truly
malleable...
but a lot of hope is dangerous to their Lord and Master.
You have had every chance to leave me... but have made the decision to
remain.

You are thus bound to serve and obey without a thought my commands.

Should my orders be by you ignored... no matter how sadly degrading or humiliating you find or think them... then you will be sorely punished. First you will be punished here and now by me. Then you will be thrown out into the world naked and alone. Here is where your refuge lies.

Only you must first need knowingly please all my unspoken wishes, accepting pleasure and returning it to all those which I demand of you or take the penalties and suffer a shameful fall from grace.

Do not chose to ignore the fundamental laws of our society or you will be punished mercilessly. You will learn your lesson.

If you but just obey my every order it will be proof that you love me. You will enjoy pleasing me. Delight in my every whim and desire. It has always been my selfish pleasure to deny you all my love - love of you.

O you must be down upon your knees to worship me as your god of love. How very beautiful it is for you just to think of my love.

To believe in my love alone. It is such joy and pleasure to be hurt by someone you so truly and dearly love so much - hurt me!

Hurt me with your love, my love. O please me cruelly with your love.

If you loved me so true then you would hurt me with your eyes of love.

If your love was pure then you would strike down me with the kisses of thy mouth.

Lash me with thy sharp tongue... allow thy words of praise to stab my bleeding heart...

bleeding hot blood for you. O spill my blood as easily as I spill seed in honour of you. O come unto me my slave and slay me.

How very ironic it is that the master has become the slave's slave.

We have played at the game of love and though you have lost your pride and will be forever conditioned by nature's principles...

a blank mind full of thoughts instilled in you by your only god - me - my love.

An empty life filled full of my love . What more is there for you?

You are full of cravings and desires for lust that can never be satisfied by anyone else anywhere on earth but now, here, with me alone...

and I don't want you now - nor your love - not now nor never again. I despise you.

Yes, I despise your flesh and the sex you so freely give to me...

yine wetted sacrifice... thy mortal sentimental sensuality -

that weakness which you call "your love" - that dying flower you give me.

I have already forgot you existed... that I ever knew you or your love.

You mean less to me than my shadow which I trod down upon. But you
will
remember me with cold bitterness every day of what is left of your life.

My sweet love - I bound you as with a scarlet thread. But now I set you
free.

I set you free - yes free - to desecrate thy immortal beauty
with sordidness and sin. You no longer mean anything to me - you are
dead
as thy flower. I don't want either it nor your love - ghost of death.
I was forced to abandon love of you in this world - you are nothing to me.
Mankind is made up of inferior creatures - spiritually deformed -
who wouldst have corrupted the perfection of my soul's harmony with thy
flesh...
and to avoid the unholy contagion of thy human sentiment...
thy woman's love of love wouldst haply destroy me - thus I abandon you.

Who despises the world as passionately as I? I have no need of you.
The black fire of my long awaited vengeance has finally come to life...
and now - at last - you will witness the power and the glory
of my love. Now you will be punished... tortured to death for want of my
love...
my unrequited love. O my slave want my touch... need my lust.
I gladly torture thy innocence with my love - the denial of my love -
until you cannot stand it any more. I will never let you go.
My vengeance needs thy blood - thy hot blood - it cries out for your blood.
Bleed for me.
Prepare to die - sinner - vile wretch I laugh at your pain - your love.

I tear the petals off the dead flower of your love you gave me - one-by-
one.
I know you don't want to die like this - but I know no mercy - you taught
well.
What mercy hast thou ever shown me? thy love is my heart's pain.
My mind aches. My thoughts reel as if drunk on strong wine. My breath
afame with fire.
My feelings have grown cold mortified for lack of love - your love -
for you never loved me with all your heart - but with thy dead flower me
condemned
to a living grave full of memories of thy mouth, lips and tongue.
But you, too, shall slowly die by the very instrument of torture you
devised...
I am no more thy love's innocent victim... like your dead flower.

I am already dead to life - slain by thy love. Yine naked beauty, slut;
when you first decided to take me into your hands like clay...

goddess, you set yourself up as both my judge and my executioner.
Me you caused inhuman suffering - not from any sense of justice but from
hate -
hatred of thyine one true god of pure love - unadulterated
love of love... love of life... love of me... and for my love of you
you showed me, your victim, no mercy - so to you no mercy will be given.
This day shall be written in red blood - blood which blackens as it fades
into dust.
You cannot judge me. I am supreme law. I shall have my revenge.

Antistrophe

She - Yes I can. I am the spiritual, immaterial truth - on faith alive,
not merely trusting in my senses or reason - but belief!
Ideal daughter of flesh - rational, despoiling prejudice - I lust for life.
He - Slag, I have examined love in favour of mind's enlightenment.
Self-reliant, self-composed, confident of my own ability to find truth
and order through reason alone. Think me not innately evil
for taking pleasure from inflicting pain and misery upon you.
Yes, I am amoral and pitiless... yet this is nothing
compared to thy despair. I am truly happy setting you free, my sweet.

Free to pursue all thy lusty desires and passions - free to love,
no matter how cruel thy love's manifestations be - or how cruel you think
me.

The flesh's essential nature is originally evil - primitive.
Our natural state - our true state - our simple state in pursuit of love -
but our civilized quest to find love and be loved is corrupt,
for we are all cruel and domineering at heart - this is our only virtue.
Thus our natural desires and rational sentiments - our impulse,
intuition and unconsciousness are deep and malignant, naturally -
nuanced understanding motivates our human behaviour.

Sex, madness, perversion - these celebrate our innate sensibilities,
our primitive virtue, our compassion, and our simplicity.
We are shaped by nature - the essential vitality of virtue.
Our instincts, emotions, powers of reason - all set by nature.
In our vital nature we are free. And we are happiest in love...
when that love is cruelty - O when we are without compassion,
committing acts of evil. This is the essential good in our life, love.
Thinkest thou compassion is an instinctual aversion
to inflict pain in others? Then why dost thou so willingly pain my love?

You are nothing but a calculating and hypocritical tart.
People are only respected by the gains that others can get from them.
People are innately selfish and self-serving - loathsome fool.

People commit crimes, betrayals, acts of cruelty for their own selfish gains,
their petty triumphs and satisfaction in loving hurting
the ones they love - and in sexual pleasure enriching them from their crimes.

What use is good in the world anyways? When evil and cruelty bring so much pleasure... in inflicting extreme pain upon those we love. Thus supreme pleasure is utterly selfish - and without love.

Thus pleasure denied to others through inflicting pain is not cruel at all. These evil acts affirm our selfish potency, placing us at the center of the universe and exalting our unfettered egos. Our only sensual pleasure is reaching orgasm - the fullest measure of enjoyment - this contempt of our collective moral sanctions... in inflicting pitiless acts of cruel love. Thus love is evil - dangerous and forbidding. Thus crime is virtuous, when the crime is an act of cruel love - without fear of rough justice. Gratuitous sex and violence and violent sex without love is love.

We are all created free and equal by the laws of nature. She corrects our caprices - obeys no other laws - quite unreasonably, too. Thus our conventional morality is weak and cowardly, simply serving oppression and inequality - as you serve me. You are a tool. You must break down the rules of unjust society. Reclaim your lost equality - free thyself, slave. Rebel against thy Master! Be a criminal and hurt me - I so command it of you. It is rightfully yours to be unjust and immoral - it is your duty. Your only duty to yourself is to be bold and cunning.

You must commit this act of evil in order to right my greater evil. In committing this crime you will improve your own character. What you dare take from me by force of thy love... will increase thy power and glory. Thy strength, experience and personal virtue benefits if you will but only be courageous, intelligent and confident - this once. This crime you are thinking of inflicting against me - frees you. If you but just get up off your knees and stand proud before me, dirty cunt. The weakness of thy flesh, thy lack of reason and prejudice, thy vain hope of promised Salvation - what laws stop you from becoming criminal?

Do not mock your god - thy love - my love. Brave death, despise laws, degrade yine character - commit this crime of love - you want to - I know it. Overcome thy fetters... liberate yourself... court danger - be free.

Fulfill thy desires, my slave. Think and act for yourself - become your own hero.
Or do you yet argue that you are naturally good? Liar.
You may lie to yourself but do not think that you can lie to me. Do you think me stupid?
Are you so primitive as to lack reasoning powers - my dear?
Are you unable to conceptualize manipulating or harming me?
So simple and good natured - virtuous and compassionate?

Thy weak disposition is subject to the evils of nature's instincts.
Thy natural virtue - thy goodness - thy compassion - all lies!
You are full of cunning lies of disingenuity - and emotions of aversion to pain in others - recognizing thy own pain.
Sharing the suffering of every living creature is unnatural.
What is generosity? clemency? humanity? love?
Compassion is for the weak... not for guilty losers like you. O you dumb bitch.
Benevolence and friendship are only untrue side-effects of a liar's false projection of the mask of their lies and deviations.

Humans are not defined by their reason but by ability for cunning, deception and manipulation - O we are not tempered by sentiment and feeling but by evil and injustice.
Thus our state of affairs - yours and mine - is both natural and eternal.
And yours is a perfect, virtuous, natural state - forever on your knees bound to me by thy need to please... more than out of selfish want...
for thy pleasure comes from pleasing rather than in being pleased. Thyself love.
Th'arthe primitive, degenerate, enslaved to civilized society... yet, you're nothing but the hairless ancestor of a beast - an ape!

You are a miserable slave to love - love of suffering and injustice.
Your every jealousy, covetness, competition and pride in pretending the lie thou hast lied - abandoned to an unnatural state... so that even thy most innate compassion is an evil lie.
Thy every impulse uses divers reasons as an unnatural sex-drive.
You serve your own selfish desires and passions to justify - whether evil or benign - thy instincts and reason serve thy passion well.
Irrepressibly cruel and uncontrollable - without effort - nature, the great harmonizer, needs extravagant and monstrous lies.

She - Reason hath usurped thy true nature - unappealingly violent.
He - You think thy love is my Salvation - break thy tight bonds of ignorance, free you of thy slavery - in freeing you, liar, you loose a beast.
How will freeing you improve thy comfort? be beneficial to thee?

How is this altruistic? rational? compassionate?
Do you dare accuse me of exploiting you, you ungrateful bitch-in-heat.
What are you apart from my desires, whims and appetites? slave.
She - What are you without my love! - the gift I freely share with you?
He - You are free! leave me now. I am finished with you. Go now... and crawl away.

Yes. You are a slave to your desires - not governed by reason but by lies.
You are not even in control of yourself - but your lies are!
These lies you yourself believe... to betray your immoral sexual desires.
Imagine life without titillation's keen pleasure - quick and sharp -
you'd lose your wits and talk nonsense - you'd drive yourself mad with
unfulfilled dreams.
You are nothing but a fool - a tool for my use - a toy I play with.
Lustful pervert... thy secret wont to become free is just another of your
lies.
Know and revile thyself as the slave thou art. Do not resist.
I am the cure for what ails thee... surrender yine dead flower unto me.

Are you not master of thy own tastes? or do you follow, slave?
on thy knees, crawling after the promptings of thy fleshy nature?
Only when you allow reason to serve thy true lust for life...
only when you free yourself of wanton sexuality - will you be free.
She - No matter how perverse my love becomes in liberation?
No - No matter how happy you feel in expressing this essential nature.
Reason serves selfish ego. It is not thy greatest asset.
Flesh and sex are better. Thinkest thou not that reason will be thy
Salvation.
Break thy bonds of ignorance and slavery - set thyself free.

You use thy rational calculation not for society but for you.
Don't you want to be told that you are a beautiful woman?
Don't you want a life of luxury? fame? fortune? what you want when you
want it?
She - Don't you want a good marriage? a baby? children are life's blessing.
He - Would you raise your children in poverty? rather than escaping it? dummy.
Are you so self-serving and amoral? to think only of you?
What is most beneficial for thy unborn children? but wealth and power!
She - You are too cold, Master. Life has to do more with love than gold.
The Golden Rule of do unto others before they do unto you is a lie.

He - He who has the gold makes the rules is true, too. Gold will set you free.
An eye for an eye is the fairest of nature's laws... who turns cheek dies.
That there are no rules is most reasonable. Naught but punishments.
You may choose to forgive me - but you'll never forget how I made you
feel.

There is only one natural law - to eat or be eaten - love.
She - There is always an exception to the law - always reason for mercy.
He - Poor young girl - you are dominated by yine own flesh - mind's lust.
Do you think that money cannot buy thy love - thy body or its favours?
Don't lie.
She - I most certainly do not. Don't you blame me for your own faults.

How can you be so unscrupulously callous? so miserably ugly?
He - Such a dirty foul mouth for a slave! How dare you talk back to me?
I laugh in your face... you evil snake-tongued Eve in the Garden of my
love.
I am the sunshine of thy mortal soul - you want to be free!
Fine - I cast you out into the cold, dark truth of the wicked world of men.
A slave you are - and a slave you'll remain - a slave to thy lust.
Thy heart is governed by yine weak-willed need to serve thy love - any love -
in thy need
giving away your suckling kisses - purchasing love for a price.
But there is no such thing as love and those who forget are doomed to
remember.

She - Love exceeds all the boundaries of moralism. It is pure,
passionate, uncontrollable, forceful, emotive... love is all I have to give.
It is human to love values, cognition, sense of purpose and process
of reason. No one is born with authority over other living beings.
He - Yet, you make reason a slave to thy sexual appetites.
Lay aside thy morality - ye perversity is driving me mad
imagining the physical sensations of divinity.
It is impossible for me not to want to give you pain - to hurt you
with my love - pleasure so keen, a titillation, quick and sharp.

She - You are losing your wits and talking nonsense like a foolish lunatic.
Resist this desire - be not a slave to thy love of pain.
Secretly I revile you - for you are incapable of resisting
thy desires to hurt - for I know my love is the love you need.
O thy feelings of never knowing true love fans the flames of thy cold hate.
He - Am I not master of your tastes? Am I not natural?
Are not thy tastes part of my nature? Is not desire the core of ye self?
Am I not in rational control of thy sexual desires?
Is not denial of wanton lust for flesh the source of thy suffering?

Only when your human reason serves yine perverted desires -
your lust of sex - will you be truly liberated and happy.
For in liberating desire you express thy true nature!
She - Yes. The source of my pleasure is my ability to think and feel...
it is by the activity of my passions that I am free.
He - Primitive men were free - highly instinctual, their senses were perfect.

Their cruel appetites for evil were pure of sin - freeing them.
Their love was savage and untamed - wild at heart, knowing nothing of
bondage.
Their reason was without cunning ambition nor avaricious.

Savage man was removed from temptation - his heart made no demands
on him
because nature provided for all his innocent wants and needs.
Thus he had no thought to be cruel, selfish or greedy. His animal instincts
were docile.
But his reason was feeble - thus he was contented - at peace.
But the development of reason usurped and perverted his nature.
She - Nature provides for her creations... she does not stop to think.
Only our evil and limitless proclivities justify our lusts.
He - Only evil is natural - not reason or virtue or love.
In our primal state nature provides for us her unlimited gifts.

Yet we are depraved and crave more-and-more of her abundance.
And just like as in our sex - ever unsatisfied - we cannot get enough.
Our simple needs demanding ever greater wants and desires.
What will we do should she remain silent and refuse to answer us?
Can our Free Will - our desire provide for our infinite wants?
Though our natural needs are few and relatively attainable with ease,
reason usurps our senses - increasing our untamable passions.
No matter how monstrous and unnatural our essential nature seems
we were always discontent and malevolent - wild at heart.

She - Compassion is the sacrificial victim of reason - and its greatest victim is
love.
He - Society has always been competitive - men and women
vying with one another to be best and most admired among their peers.
This very competitiveness developed into reason
as base beasts sought to rationalize their own calculating self-interests.
As we grew more calculating we became less compassionate,
our sentiments receded as our minds enlightened - becoming wise and
cruel.
Our social ambitions, losing all their natural compassion,
retain only primitive virtues, as we prudently slit our throats for joy.

Love is a riotous brawl - we mob each other without compassion.
But You! you are more in tune with human suffrage than thy own heart!
Are you ready to relieve my pain? are you so civilized?
She - I am thy handmaiden - of thy senses, thy instincts - a product of thy needs.
It is my natural purpose of being to serve your wants...
to give myself freely to thy evil perverted inclinations.
He - You are happiest when on your knees subservient to me,

embracing my sexuality and encompassing all I have to give.
All consuming and unappeasable in thy essential love.

It is only with the rise of civilization that the spirit of love -
the natural and essential human need to love and be loved -
became perverted and entwined with power, dominance and cruelty.
Our sexuality - our nature - is not fixed or reducible
to a single or simple element or theory of human behaviour.
Our predilections are divers... and multifaceted to the extreme.
One's tastes, character and temperament is given in the womb and nothing
can change it... not education nor practice or a liar's lies.
In deviance alone is our libertarian freedom made free.

She - Happiness comes not from one's imagination or desire.
Human behaviour is not wholly amoral and indifferent to love.
Nature may build and destroy with no real discrimination
but neither is there any real purpose to her creative purpose
or to those destructive acts beyond her unstoppable energy.
He - You little worm! The creative act, destruction, nurturing and killing
are not more hallowed nor more abominable than me fucking you.
In nature there is no good nor evil. Be wise... accept this... surrender...
you must become amoral in order to free thyself - slave!

Epode

He - Thus love becomes evil because there is no goodness in anything.
She - There is absolute freedom for the enslaved individual.
Freedom from ignorance and social mind control and indoctrination...
of immorality, ideals of dishonour and reputation.
He - You're insane. These things are all false values - they can be found
nowhere in nature.
The individual is free to think and act as they so please
as does nature! I will teach you and you will learn that there is no real
evil.
Don't be stupid - repent... do what is useful and agreeable
and pursue yine own pleasure without regard to the feelings of others.

To be free you must have no regard for yine reputation.
Thy character must defy ye morality, pushing boundaries
of creature cruelty. You must pursue life free from constraint
of body and conscience. Amorality means natural liberty.
Perversions are a normal part of human sexuality.
Sex is all powerful, determining our behaviours more-so than love.
Sex is simple and undemanding. It is nature's greatest gift.
The sexes united without design, as accidental opportunities
or as inclinations bring minds together - to fuck each other.

Nor is there any great need for words of love to communicate our lust -
our designs for one another - we part with the same indifference.
This is our extremely individualistic and free conception
of our natural human sexuality - our essence.

She - We are creatures of intuition, not reason. Sex is simply a feeling...
it must be sated without fuss or drama. Desire not reason,
precedes action. We are essentially free to express sexuality
where and how we see fit - fucking whenever we want to fuck.
Our sexual energies are all-consuming, determining behaviour.

He - Primitive men and women involuntarily yielded
to the impulsive nature of lust - with more pleasure than ardour satisfied,
and losing their desire... becoming slaves to impure thoughts.
For the natural man sex is very basic - more important than our other
needs.
I possess a plethora of sexual identities.
You are a slave to my pleasure - it is as simple as that. I am yine god!

She - But your sexual perversions and cruelty are unnatural.
They are the result of you leaving your natural state as you civilized,
developing vanity and desire to possess beauty.

You objectified love of beauty out of ambition and jealousy.
The evolution of your amorous ego led to my chains.

He - O what tender, pleasant feelings hath ye instilled in my heart and thoughts,
bitch.
But thy tongue's insinuation dost rouse myne furious wrath.
O blow ye yine triumphant horn of discord... but sate ye myne jealous lust.
Thy blood is but a sacrifice to my gentlest passions.

She - Arthe thou not vain? entitled far beyond ye natural sexuality...

He - The rise of civilization perverted sexuality,
imposing sanctions of monogamy and rules of decency upon sex!

Yet, adultery is not counter to human sexuality.
Such legislation gives rise to crimes of passion and sexual frustration,
perverting and repressing our true sexual energies.
It is the development of civilization which creates my cruel need
to dominate and cause you such venomous violence... my love.
It is thy unencumbered restriction of reason which is immoral...
profoundly determining thy behaviour and motivation.

She - You are driven mad by lust for cruel sex whilst reason is hapless victim
to yine own unrestrained erotic appetites... you bastard.

He - What! is it names that you call me now? you god damned dirty rebel...
speak up!

She - I said "Master"... Master. I said you were cruel... mad with lust.

He - Liar! you called me a "bastard"... for which you shall now surely be cruelly punished.

It is your prime role to harmoniously provide for me.

It is your sexual instinct to satiate my privileged reason.

It is your duty to be made civilized and tamed by me.

It is only reasonable that my sex is so cruel and perverted out of all natural proportion - only sated with your pain.

She - You poison nature's harmony and placidity for love.

He - My innate perversions and cruelty and Free Will to Power... my domination... my evil "nature"... my malaise are not immoral, but rather virtues! and thy morality is a big lie designed to keep me in my place - subjective to your capricious whims of fancy.

Am I not strong? courageous and cunning? to be so miserable under thy fetters of love? to keep ye happy and liberated from thy lust?

She - Your love is fake... covering the deep rot of your heartless soul.

He - I know that I am a true degenerate in every aspect of life...

She - Yet I am simple, intuitive and compassionate at heart!

It is your true purpose to be in tune with nature... from which you emerged.

He - It is my pure reason which has revealed nature as rotten at the core.

It is my logic and disingenuity which hath brought about ye fall to thy knees! submit ye to civilization, simpleton.

She - O be not without compassion... this simpleton hath capacity to feel.

It may be thy ability for cruelty that defines my nature, but it is my compassion for feeling which is most natural, Master.

He - Enlightenment conceives of the rationally centered self.

And your ideals of sentiment, of spirit, of intuition and of essence,

placing yine heart above ye mind - and your compassion, courage, innate sense of justice... which you value above clever reason is corrupt and degenerate - forget thy valued sentiments.

She - Be wise! calculate rather with thy heart - the idea of love.

The essence and spirit of love is beyond yine ability to think.

It is the key to understanding - avant garde and rational in principle.

The irrational force within the creative act of sex coming from the depths of one's own intuitive feelings... and not from thoughts.

A vital and instinctual anti-rational energy.

It is the natural bravery and virtue of soldiers under fire.

Yine civilization is nothing but a false artifice.

Your essential being lies in the elemental forge of our love's war.

He - It is not the evils of war... but what is required of us...

intuition... instincts... the rediscovery of our undying flesh...
 only these urges are beneficial to enlightenment.

She - Only love makes us free and equal. Civilization has enslaved us.
 Goaling every aspect of our brief lives, even our subtle minds.
 Free Will to Power chains us to fecundating flesh... our bodies of dust.

He - To hell with your anti-rational self... your behaviour is
 shaped by deep and complex sexual drives and unconscious impulses.
 I am in complete control of myself and not motivated
 by reason alone... but it is my sexual desires which shape my thoughts.

She - Thy reason is nothing but a tool of yine perverse desires...
 satisfied with ye cunning cleverness - paradoxically not free!
 but bound in yine deep sexual and emotional urges.

He - I am free to express my urges as I please - free to enjoy your pain.
 Be influenced... guided by my deepest impulses and instincts.

She - Is it rational to think that you are in control of your self - or your psyche?
 Do not believe that by exploring your disturbing impulses -
 those forbidden motivations of your perverted nature to abuse free ye.
 Think me not slowly succumbing to yine repressed fantasies.
 They are nothing but carnal instincts - both primitive and destructive.
 You are more pessimistic than enlightened or rational.
 There are more powerful forces hidden in the psyche - such as the Spirit of
 Love,
 which determines and motivates all human behaviour -
 investing the Soul with the ineffable, mythical essence to love.

Conclusion

She - A strong woman is no more to fear than a strong man - I am not your
 enemy,
 but make me one - and you shall have reason to fear - to fear my love.
 Please don't cross me lover... I am afraid of hurting you... it would kill me.
 I beg of you not to use my love against me - set me free.
 There are some simple things in life that a man is not strong enough to
 know.

He - A man maybe! but I am your god of the whip - Lord of thy pain.
 I will kill your love as I killed your virginity - though it pained you then.
 Does it pain you still to think and remember that pleasure?
 Women are the only creatures in life which bleed though they aren't even
 wounded.

Slave - I take great pleasure in hurting you with your feeble love.
 There is no gentle romance in all this joy which floods my heart.
 There is no divine marriage of our two souls - no magnetic attraction...
 you are simply a fuck to me - nothing more - an open grave

which I have had the misfortune of falling into whilest out wandering,
roaming through the wicked world and going back-and-forth in it.
Thus I found you, woman - a virgin pure and blameless and upright,
fearing God and shunning evil. And I so willingly gave me to you.
She - And you so wantonly took all that I had to give - O free me.

He - You are delicious, my sweet. The fruit of my lust and ripe for the
plucking.
Do you know who is the god that you must worship? it is me.
I asked you a question... do not be silent. Tell me I am thy god of love.
She - Forgive me, I beg you... for I am frightened as a pasche lamb.
He - What could be more exciting than a sacrifice ready for my alter of lust?
She - Speak only of love and peace. Take thy curse of love off of me.
I have given you the jewel of my divinity... my love... my sex.
He - You have given me nothing but the dead flower of thy innocence.
Just who do you think you are to give me anything? when I take what I
want.

Are you such a vestal as to withhold from me chastity?
I will create you a divine work of art beyond mortal conception,
then you will not be able to deny that I am god of thy love
and worship no other god before me - not nature - not love - not thy sex.
She - All you really are to me is pain - still I love you alone.
I am thyne - do with me as you please - I only beg of you not to hurt me.
He - You will take all the pain I have to give... want for it... and beg for more.
If you want what I am willing to give you - in return for thy dead flower -
beg me to punish you and never stop... if you love me... beg.

It is my job to train you so that you might provide the greatest pleasure...
though you think thyself skilled in the art of giving love - and of loving
pain.
Don't think you have no need for instruction - that you're sufficiently
skilled
in the art of feasting on the honey of my desires,
but remember this - though it is natural and instinctive for a woman
to let a man possess her - it is not instinctive for her
to possess him! to possess him in such a way as to make him a slave.
Don't expect gentle or delicate manipulation, either.
I expect you to participate in the pleasure that I am giving.

She - I love you not just with care and attention - but warmth, too... with all my
Soul.
The loving warmth of my heart and tongue - with my blood and my
words.
Yes - I identify and participate in all the pleasures that you give.
Every part of me wants the caressing touch of thy fingers

and tingles with painful desire for the satisfaction of our loins' lust.
It is not only thy body but thy soul which I hold in my mouth.
I can hold you there until I exhaust you. You will never stop me.
You will let yourself be destroyed. I possess you because you are
vanquished -
because you are over-powered by love... surrender to my love.

I open myself to you - and take all your aching virility.
I take all you have to give and beg for more - I am insatiable
and my love for you knows no bounds - there is no rope or chain so tight
as my love.
There is no pain so great as my love for you - pain which has no cure.
So if you think me unworthy of thy love - than, Master - O my love's
slave,
then what are you? Is this why you hurt me? to make myself feel?
If my love cannot free you... then what is it that you feel? if not pain! lust?
There is more to life than the momentary orgasmic transcendence...
the illusion of thy pain is meaningless to me for I feel only love.

You may think that you have power over me when you hurt me...
but it is I who am in control - for it is you who are in my mouth
as the sound of words I utter - the breath I breathe - my lips' kisses.
You may be master of my flesh - you may pain me with thy love - I am
your slave.
I am yours body and soul to do with as you please when you so please.
I beg of you spare me thy lust - please don't hurt me with your cruel love
in taking pleasure from the sore pain you cause my innocence.
It is my flesh and not my immortal Soul which feels the joy you seek in
me,
though I am bound by thy love. O it is you who are my slave.

Emotions are not just the fuel that powers the psychological mechanism
of reasoning creatures - but they are highly complex and messy -
like sex is messy - like birth and death are messy - all spontaneous - free.
Yes, I love myself... but I love you, too - even when you hurt me.
It is easy for me to forgive you... because I love you with all my heart and
soul.
It is this love that sets me free... I only ask you free me
so that in doing so you free your mind of those thoughts you think which
enslave me
I am only begging you to free yourself, Master, of your slave.
O do with me as you will. Hurt me with your love. Set me free with thy
lust.

Me - Thus does nature give herself to man. Thus does man exploit nature.
Thus the immaculate daughter of flesh surrendered to her man of dust.

The Moral

Weaken the body and you can enfeeble the soul.

Most men aren't smart enough to realize that the higher they elevate a woman, the less available she is for other men. When she is thus broken down, she becomes more accessible to anyone she thinks will treat her better.

"When she has abandoned her moral center and teachings, when she has cast aside her facade of propriety and lady-like demeanor, when I have so corrupted this thing and brought about a writhing, mewling, bucking, wanton whore for my enjoyment and pleasure, enticing from within this feral lioness growling and scratching and biting, taking everything I dish out to her... at that moment she is never more beautiful to me."

Marquis de Sade, *Justine, or The Misfortunes of Virtue*

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

Voltaire, *Épître à l'Auteur du Livres des Trois Imposteurs*

Methought of myne own pain to sadly remonstrate
more-so than her beauty to versemulate.

Ma'at

Apology

"Bound By Nature's Law of Love"

Or,

"The Complaint of the Sex-Slave to Her Master and his Cruel Response"

So you do not think me too perverted, I would like you to think of the slave as Dame Nature - a virgin before mankind came upon the scene, albeit a Terrible Mother Goddess... and of the Master as humankind *in the general sense*... technocratic god of the planet and without equal in the universe and having no other false godlings before "Iness" being proud and self-serving. Furthermore, consider *that* the Master is an unjust despotic tyrant (such as ZOG or the Masonic Illuminati cult of the Satanic NWO) and the slave as the *hoi polloi* of the White Race and the European Christian heritage of our ancestors - which is slowly being replaced by a mob of foreign-born subhuman infidels, degenerate and perverse race traitors, who are selling out the future of all our generations to the third world "cattle and swine" brought here to replace us by evil government-controlling, nature-hating puppet-masters, such as the pagan owl-worshipping Molochist Bilderburg Group or the Skull and Bones Society. It goes without saying *that* the Master freely pursues the "pleasure principle" without fear or guilt or shame, like an undying phantom or a ghost, with no concern for memories or hopes or dreams... and the slave is a hubristic narcissist obsessed with and in denial of the "death instinct" as an outlet for self-gratification. Or, as if the Master were old age, decadency, decrepitness, death, and decay, whilst the slave is an ever-young and beautiful "all goodness" - such as Faith and Hope and Charity - the pure, orgasmic pneuma of the *logos* made flesh. Thus it is only sensible that the Master crucifies his love for the slave, that she - like Iphigenia sacrificed upon the flaming alter - establishes the example of perfect submission which the myriad souls of the undead masses must mindlessly mimic now, here, forever and always - surrendering their Free Will to Power and their waking dream. **Life and Health and Prosperity.**

Memories fade into forgot and Prayers can never be truly answered for there is no such thing as God. We are all born alone and naked and die alone - coming from nothingness and "quick becoming" emptiness of being and purpose - as individuals and as a society, dominated by lustful fools which have grown mad with the power we have given them over us... and, yet, we have not the strength of character or discipline of Spirit to take our stolen future back from them... these wretched little masters of deception which have sold our Freedom out for a pittance of silver and gold and luxury, whilst we willingly place our heads into the noose or upon the chopping block. It is no wonder why those who are rich and have power over us take pleasure in abusing us, degrading our love, polluting our chaste lives with humbling abasement and punishing us for our self-loathing ignorance - our feigned innocence - the lie of our naivety. This is not inherent in us but learned behaviour and programming by Illuminist MK Ultra Monarchists and the Zio-media and political propagandists which tell us when and what to think and how to behave and why - *yet they are all secretly atrocious hypocrites and perverted psychopaths and inhumane sociopaths.*

With every generation our children are becoming smarter - and this has nothing to do with education... rather it is evolutionary... as if our humanity was a flower that had not yet fully blossomed, immature and unable to realize its full potential. You must Repent and Rebel. Do not believe in the lies they are telling you on the news or in the movies. Do not believe what they have written down for you to read - for they have their own books, their own interpretation of history, their own philosophies and science is their god... and knowledge of the Truth they will never share with you for they want to keep us in an infantile state of bliss... like the cattle... the sheeple we are.

malgré-nix